

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you *Cosen Arcite*) almost wanton
With my Captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad? and every where:
Tis like a Beast me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
I am sure a more content, and all those pleasures
That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
I see through now, and am sufficient
To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shaddow,
That old Time, as he passes by takes with him,
What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where sin is Iustice, lust, and ignorance,
The vertues of the great ones: *Cosen Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curses,
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would heare you still.

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deatnes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
This garden has a world of pleasures in't.

Emil. What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis calld *Narcissus* Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
To love him selfe, were there nor maides enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so faire.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom. I thinke I should not, M.

Emil. That's a good wench:
But take heede to your kindnes th

Wom. Why Madam?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye goe forward?

Emil. Canst not thou work: s

Wom. Yes.

Emil. Ile have a gowne full o
This is a pretty colour, wilt not
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?

Wom. Deinty Madam.

Arc. *Cosen, Cosen*, how doe y

Pal. Never till now I was in p

Arc. Why whats the matter?

Pal. Behold, and wonder.
By heaven shee is a Goddesse.

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Doe reverence:
She is a Goddesse *Arcite*.

Emil. Of all Flowres,
Me thinkes a Rose is best.

Wom. Why gentle Madam?

Emil. It is the very Embleme
For when the west wind courts h
How modestly she blowes, and
With her chaste blushes? When t
Rude and impatient, then, like Cl
Shee lockes her beauties in her b
And leaves him to base briers.

Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blo
She fals for't: a Mayde
If shee have any honour, would
To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous faire.

Pal. She is all the beauty exta